

# GRAPHIC

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# GRAPHIC

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## Matters of Moment

### Our Representatives.

Our distinguished (four extinguished) Representatives at Sacramento, the Legislature of California, come to the end of their labors and our anxiety in a few days. The facts and figures of the session are not yet marshalled in exact array, so that one can fairly compare its credit with its debit. Certain, however, and lamentable it is that whatever good the Legislature has accomplished for the State is not as conspicuous as the evil.

Our Representatives have surpassed all records for gross extravagance. Certain of them developed a devilish ingenuity for devising "junketing" trips in sheer wantonness to dissipate the people's money. The excursion to "inspect" the U. S. Government's work at San Pedro, and the projected tour of the race tracks capped the climax of absurdity.

The sensation of the session was the expulsion of four Senators who were detected in receiving bribes. They have been held up by their colleagues and by a righteously indignant press as horrible examples. The lesson, doubtless, has been salutary, but is its only permanent effect to be to make Legislators more careful in their "irregular" transactions? In the eyes of some of their colleagues, and of many of their constituents, the greatest fault of the disgraced Senators was their inability to "cover their tracks"—they were not "smart" enough to avoid detection in practices that, notoriously, are common enough at Sacramento, and that are usually regarded with joocular passivity rather than with ashamed activity.

The most important lesson, however, to be learned from the session's disgrace is not for the four punished Senators, nor for the other members of the Legislature, but for us, the people, who send such men to Sacramento as our Representatives. The Legislature is no better and no worse than we, the people, make it. We are only wasting words when we execrate the "rottenness" of our representative bodies, whether they be legislatures or city councils. They are only "rotten" because we allow them to be so. They are our Representatives; if they are "rotten," the responsibility for the "rottenness" lies

with ourselves. This is the lesson we have to learn, and we are all too slow in learning it.

It should be California's shame that only rarely is there any honor attached to an election to the Legislature, and still more rarely is there any honor attained by service at Sacramento. The good work of such men as Senators Belshaw and Ralston during the present session supplies the rare exception.

Why is this so?

It is because the majority of men sent as the people's representatives to Sacramento take no more trouble to represent the people than the people have taken in selecting their representatives. The Legislators know to whom they owe their selection, their nomination and their election. And except for a formal exercise of their franchise at the polls—when the ballot offers no alternative—the people rarely have anything to do with the process. It is to the political "bosses" of the public utility corporations that they owe their seats at Sacramento. Naturally, therefore, they serve those who have been of service to them, and the "representatives of the people" become the tools of special interests. Naturally, also, the men who will lend themselves to such service are not of high character; they may be "smart" enough to escape scandal, but do not command any public confidence.

We have only ourselves to blame.

As long as we refuse to interest ourselves actively in the selection of our Representatives, and as long as the public utility corporations are vitally interested, so long will the Legislature fail to represent the people, and so long will there continue to be a Senate and Assembly composed for the most part of inferior individuals, in whose ability or integrity we can place little confidence.

The Legislature has been, is, and will be, just as "rotten" as the "rot" of public interest allows it to be. Unless we have taken due measure of the four Senators' disgrace to ourselves and unless we accept due responsibility for the extravagance and folly of the Legislature, the main lesson of the session is lost.

"Their pay is shockingly small for some of our public officials," said the broad-minded man.

"Yes," answered the cynic; "but it averages up. Some of the public officials are shockingly small for their pay."—Washington Star.

### Street Car Accidents.

Periodically there is a savage agitation concerning the frequency of street car accidents. For the most part it is a healthy ebullition, calculated to increase the provisions for the safety of the public and, more important, to make the people themselves more careful. But it is essential that such agitations should be fair, while as a rule, unfortunately, they are simply sensational. For instance, a newspaper recommends that Mr. Huntington should be sent to jail for six months. Let the newspaper which makes the recommendation establish the fact that Mr. Huntington is personally responsible by his negligence or by his violation of the law and we will cry "Amen". It is, however, probable that Mr. Huntington is even more vitally concerned in avoiding accidents than the editor of any newspaper. Every accident caused by a street car in Los Angeles, unless the wilful negligence of the victim is established be-



### Street Car Accidents.

yond doubt, costs Mr. Huntington many hundreds and frequently many thousands of dollars. Nevertheless in the majority of cases in which a man or woman is hit by a street car it is due to the carelessness of the victim. Juries, however, are not apt to blame the victim.

We are all in too great a hurry and most of us take too many chances.

As long as we follow that misrule of life, street car accidents will be frequent. Whatever precautions may be taken by the street car company, they will not prevent men being so engrossed in their pursuits that they do not get out of the way of an oncoming street car. In some communities, the man who cannot take care of himself and carelessly obstructs a street car is arrested and fined. Any of us who have observed the vagaries of men and women on the streets knows that such punishment is frequently justifiable.

There would be fewer accidents, no doubt, if the street cars did not go so fast. A fortiori, there would be none, if they did not go at all. The universal demand, however, is for as rapid transit as possible, and we are the first to complain if a street car crawls down Spring street when we are on the way to keep an important appointment. Our annoyance is not diminished by the fact that the motorman has to make a succession of stops because of the number of individuals, also in a hurry, who cross the track.

There is one more consideration that makes the elimination of street car accidents impossible—the fallibility of all human agents. Motormen, like the rest of us, make errors of judgment and take too many chances. But where one motorman takes a chance, a hundred pedestrians “take their lives in their hands”.

With due allowance, however, for the folly of pedestrians and the fallibility of motormen, there are altogether too many street car accidents in Los Angeles. It is, indeed, asserted that there have been more such accidents in a year in Los Angeles than in New York or Philadelphia. It would be instructive to know what proportion of injuries have been due to the absence of fenders as required by law. But it is certain that we do not hear of men and women being brushed off the tracks without injury by the cars that are equipped with fenders. It is also certain that Mr. Huntington is still running a number of cars without the fenders required by law. Any one can cause the arrest of the motorman, or of the officials responsible, or of Mr. Huntington himself, for running such a car. Any one can get out an injunction preventing the operation of such a car. Why does nobody do it?

We are all in too great a hurry, too intent upon the pursuit of our own business. Some day some of us will be in such a hurry that we shall get run over by a street car. Then whom will we have to blame?

### Dr. Osler's Notion.

College professors in search of gratuitous advertising find it readily enough by giving vent to some startling theory, calculated to stimulate discussion. Professor Osler on the eve of departing for Oxford from Johns Hopkins University determined to limit the period of the chief productive value of man to

forty years, and Dr. Osler's dictum has been discussed from Boston to Alamitos Beach. The professor, when he discovered what an uproar he had created, explained later that his whimsical notion had been made the subject of a serious essay on “La Crise de Quarante Ans,” and that he has been “years in accumulating the facts” to support it. Further Dr. Osler declared, “I meant what I said, and I will prove it when I get my essay finished.” Surely, it would have been more consonant with Dr. Osler's reputation as a scientist if he had completed his proof before publishing such a startling conclusion.

Dr. Osler is regarded as a leader in the profession of medicine along its most scientific lines. He may be depending upon some scientific demonstration to prove that the climax of vigor of the nervous system is reached at forty years, but it will have to be a most convincing process of the laboratory to persuade men against their own experience and in face of the statistics of history.

The greatest discoveries of science have been made by men after they had passed Dr. Osler's age barrier. Sir Isaac Newton was forty-four years of age when he discovered the law of gravitation; Johann Kepler was fifty-nine when he gave to the world his discovery of the law of the distance of the planets from the sun, and the list might be amplified by a hundred names. Creative genius has certainly not waned in masters of literature at an early age: Bacon wrote his “*Novum Organum*” when he was fifty-nine; Goethe finished “*Faust*” when over eighty. Indeed, there are only exceptions to prove the rule, that men do not produce their best work before they have reached early maturity at forty years of age.

Cynical men of the world have been heard to declare that women under thirty are not worth talking to. That is just as loose and unwarranted a statement as Dr. Osler's enunciation concerning “the comparative uselessness of men” over forty.

Dr. Osler should reread his Cicero. Rome's greatest essayist and orator was himself sixty-three before he finished his life's work. In his immortal essay on “*Old Age*” Cicero said: “For Nature has appointed to the days of man, as to all things else, their proper limits, beyond which they are no longer of any value.” According to the computation of life assurance companies, which are apt to be conservative, a man of forty may expect to live for another twenty-five years. That calculation is based on the decrees of Nature. Has Nature appointed the days of man so that five-thirteenths of his life, outside of his infancy, are of “comparative uselessness”? One is more inclined to regard Nature as the arbiter of age than Dr. Osler.

Dr. Osler has yet to find any scientific man of note, in his own or any other profession, to agree with him. Sir Frederick Treves, the leader of the British medical profession, is confident that Dr. Osler is joking. “Degeneration,” he says, “does not begin at forty in a man who has taken ordinary care of himself and refrained from bad habits. Many men are at their best at fifty.” Sir Oliver Lodge, author of “*Pioneers of Science*,” believes that the utilization of wise experience and the latest knowledge should insure the presentation of health and activity until men are nearly a hundred years old. Appa-



rently Professor Osler is not destined to receive much sympathy when he arrives in England.

While it is futile to formulate any absolute conclusion on this subject, it would appear that the experience of civilized mankind is that the average man of forty has just commenced the most useful years of his life, and that the ordinary interpretation of the term "A man in the prime of life" is that a man has not reached the best part of his life until he is forty. Certain it is that even in this age of youth, when young men are advanced more rapidly than ever before, there are few positions of great authority or grave responsibilities occupied by men under forty. The ripe judgment and even balance of experience are found in the big affairs of the world to be of greater value than the immature expression and aggressive vigor of youth. The great lessons of life, "self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control," which "three alone lead life to sovereign power," are rarely learned by men under forty.

Dr. Osler's notion has well served his purpose, if it was to gain notoriety, and at least he has stirred up a discussion, the result of which should be to lead men of forty to the conviction that they are on the threshold of the most useful years of their lives.

## By The Way

### Inaugurated.

The inauguration ceremonies in Washington last Saturday were unprecedented in pomp and splendor. There has been a tendency in some quarters to carp at the brilliant pageant and ornate formalities, comparing them with "Jeffersonian simplicity" and holding President Roosevelt personally responsible for the "royal" character of the proceedings. All of which is both stupid and Pecksniffian. The brilliant elaborateness of the procession—the traditions of simplicity were faithfully preserved in the actual ceremony of inauguration—was not by the President's initiative. It was the outward and visible sign of the tremendous interest and the great confidence the nation has in Theodore Roosevelt—the belief that he is the man of men to cope with and to conquer the dragon of lawlessness and of unjust privileges which the Few have nourished. The President is not only so firmly entrenched in the confidence of the people that they are prepared to give him hearty support but he is also surrounded by rarely able lieutenants in government who are not gaining or retaining their cabinet portfolios because of political favor but by reason of personal efficiency. The President and the Nation are to be congratulated on the fact that not a single change has been made in any one of the cabinet portfolios with the exception of that of Postmaster General, which was temporarily held by Mr. Wynne, who now makes room for Mr. Cortelyou. The President's opportunity is regarded as unequaled, and the second Roosevelt administration is expected to make history.

### The Chief Obstacle.

The way, however, for the President's path of reformation, is by no means as clear as the nation would like it to be. The principal obstruction will be found in the United States Senate. There is a general feeling of distrust of that august body—

reflected the other day by a cartoon in Collier's, which decorated the architecture of the Capitol with money-bags, and appended the following sign to the Senate: "For a Seat in the United States Senate, Apply to the Trusts, Sole Owners and proprietors. Permanent Jobs for the **Right Parties.**" That labels what everybody is afraid of. The suspicion that the Senate stands for "Special Privileges" rather than for "The Square Deal" was confirmed when that body gave the Esch-Townsend bill its quietus. The bill voiced the demand of the nation, that the Federal Government supervise the making of railway rates—the only effective step as yet suggested for the abolition of special privileges and the establishment of the square deal. The President's intention is to call a special session of Congress to meet in the autumn to refer to it not only the question of rate legislation but tariff revision as well. The Senate is very conscious of its dignity and very jealous of its prerogatives, but it might be well for the senators to spend a long vacation in feeling the pulse of the people. During the fifty-eighth Congress the Senate seems to have overlooked few opportunities to embarrass the President and to discredit his policy. "The idea has been," in the cool, calm judgment of The Review of Reviews, "to put him in a position of seeming to dictate to the Senate where constitutional grounds are involved,—all for the sake of making him appear as a man trying to usurp the authority of the legislative body." Then says Dr. Shaw, "We would suggest to good citizens in the different States that they ask and answer for themselves several questions,—first, is their own State represented by Senators one or both of whom are looked upon at Washington as the tools of private interests? Second, if they are under such suspicion, to what extent is the distrust justifiable? Third, are the Senators from their State the very best men who could be sent to Washington? Fourth, if they are not, how can good citizens organize to defeat the special interests that in so many States, of recent years, have managed to dictate the election of United States Senators?"

"Honorables."

A particular friend of mine, writing from Sacramento, makes this caustic summary of the character and achievements of the present Legislature: "This hotbed of political scandal closes down on Friday next and then and not until then will the history of the session be written. In twenty years' experience I have never seen anything like it. The Senate is like unto the Arabian Nights Band of Forty Thieves, while the Assembly is a gathering of petty larcenists and an occasional porch climber." And be it remembered that when you address a member of the Legislature by written communication his proper title is "Honorable."

### Mrs. Stanford's End.

Up to the time of writing there had been no developments worth mentioning in the inquiry into the cause of the death of Mrs. Jane L. Stanford at Honolulu. There is every prospect for an inquiry that will tax the ingenuity of police officers and newspaper men. As far as theories go, the San Francisco police, as is natural with police departments the world over, assume that murder has been committed. The Los Angeles Examiner backs up this theory with an insinuation so straightforward that



it may be accepted as the kernel of the Examiner's belief. On Sunday the local Examiner published a picture of Miss Bertha Berner with a caption that is scarcely less than an accusation of crime. Miss Berner was Mrs. Stanford's secretary.

#### Each One to His Theory.

Everyone, of course, has the right to his theory, and I will state mine. When the facts are known I think it will be made plain that Mrs. Stanford either died a natural death, or that she committed suicide. At this writing I incline to the latter theory.

#### As to Motives.

"Impossible" will be the general comment on the suicide theory. "Why on earth should anyone who has all the comforts and pleasures that earthly possessions can bring want to commit suicide?" That is a normal position for people of normal minds to take. A normal man doesn't become his own executioner. The motives which prompt self-destruction are those of a person whose headpiece and its contents have gone awry and whose idiosyncrasies cannot be accounted for from the viewpoint of a sane person.

#### Stanfords Were Abnormal.

I cannot believe that either Senator Stanford or Mrs. Stanford was normal in the later years of their lives. I knew Stanford. His passion for self-exaltation and self-glorification reached the proportions of a mania. He basked in his own sunshine and his real and imaginary greatness to such an extent that one might believe that he considered himself little short of divinity. I believe it was Ambrose Bierce who wrote Stanford's epitaph before Stanford's death, in this wise:

Here lies Stanford who thought it odd  
That he should go to meet his God.  
He waited till his eyes grew dim  
For God to hasten to meet him.

Stanford's confidence in his own greatness was fanned by the pens of such writers as Frank Pixley of the "Argonaut" and Marcus D. Boruck of the "Spirit of the Times," both of whom were on the Stanford payroll, with nothing to do except sound paeans of praise about "the Governor." Up in San Francisco there are some very eerie stories extant about the goings on in the Stanford mansion on Nob Hill immediately after the death of the youth, Leland Stanford, Jr. If one-half or one-quarter or a tenth of these stories is founded in fact, the Stanfords were decidedly not normal people as the world understands the meaning of the word "normal."

#### A Lonely Old Woman.

I never had the same chance to study Mrs. Stanford as I did "the Governor." By those who knew her, who liked her, who met her as one human being meets another without the absurd and invisible line of wealth being drawn, I am told that she was just a very lonely old woman, who mourned over the untimely death of her only son; who mourned over the death of her husband, who had been to her all that a husband should be; who looked forward to a reunion with those she loved; who had passed the time of life when riches count for anything; who had possessed all that this life offers and had found it dross. And as she was not normal, I believe that she decided to hasten crossing the river that all must cross.

#### The Mayor's Cabinet.

Mayor McAleer's selection of a "cabinet" from among his commissioners has done a good deal to restore the public confidence that he disturbed by the removal of Chief Strohm. From the Fire Commission it is noticeable that he chose Clarence Miller, certainly the strongest man on the board, and the one man who had sufficient courage and independence to oppose the Strohm removal program. Such a choice tends to prove that the Mayor is neither obtuse nor vindictive. A good many thoughtful people have been inclined to regard him as a "maverick" and some in comparing him with his diplomatic and evasive predecessor have called him "a bull in a china shop." I do not suppose Mayor McAleer has selected his cabinet for show purposes only; on the contrary, I imagine he intends to consult them on all matters of important public policy—a thoroughly prudent and commendable course. Only I wish he had had his cabinet to consult before he dismissed Strohm, without giving specific reasons for so doing. Certainly he deserves all commendation for wisdom in the selection of his "ministers." Lee Gates, from the Police Commission, could have had the Republican nomination for the mayoralty himself if he had wanted it; he is a strong and level-headed citizen. Dr. John R. Haynes, from the Civil Service Commission, stands for the best things in municipal government, and has absolutely no taint of partisanship. Fred Baker is the Mayor's former employer and his most trusted friend. Mr. Baker, who is now a member of the Water Commission, served his apprenticeship a few years ago in the City Council, and his advice should be of much value. Dr. Lamb, a citizen of the highest class, completes the Mayor's circle of confidential advisers.

#### A Boycott Absurdity.

For fantastic asininity I think that the boycott which has been placed on Maier & Zobelein by the Building Trades Council beats anything that has come under my notice recently. I am not a beer drinker, but if I were I would be tempted to patronize Maier & Zobelein just now as a rebuke to this latest Building Trades prank. It seems that some months ago Maier & Zobelein made a contract with a builder to erect the big addition to their brewing plant, now

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nearing completion on Aliso street. The contractor went about his work in his own way, Maier & Zobelein having nothing to say about where the material came from, their only concern being that it was up to specifications. The contractor used some "non-union" steel in the construction of the building, and lo and behold! the Building Trades Council rises and pronounces Maier & Zobelein's beer "unfair." I am told that the malt used at the brewery is made by union workmen, the employees at the brewery are unionized, the bottlers and drivers are union—in fact, everything about the brewery that can be unionized has been subjected to that process. Perhaps the legal lights in the Building Trades Council will explain what they want done. Perhaps they want the building torn down and the steel work replaced. Perhaps they want Maier & Zobelein to abrogate a contract that is good in law and subject themselves to heavy damages from the contractor. It is just such absurd tricks as this that has brought unionism into such tremendous disrepute; that has made the merchants of the city abhor the word "union"; that has fortified the Citizens' Alliance and weaned from all combinations of workingmen those who would naturally stay with them. Get some sense, gentlemen, and be fair yourselves before voting anyone "unfair."

#### Otis Is Needed.

General Otis is needed at the Times office. His young men are developing an anti-Russian propaganda. A poet breaks out in fierce denunciation of Russia. This no later than last Sunday. Hear this as a sample of frenzied Russophobia:

Savage the blows

That on her naked back the tyrant lash  
Long centuries had rained, while silent stars  
Looked down upon her woe. The quivering gash,  
The swelling stripe, whence streamed the purpling tides  
Of wanton blood, had never chance to heal.  
Her stifled sobs were heard by all the world,  
Above the prison noise of clanking steel.  
She gasped beneath the ravishment of lust.  
Her hopeless heritage a ruling race  
Born to the spoils of dynasty and bred  
To hate, she cried with bleeding, upturned face  
To Freedom's God.  
Oh, Gawd!

#### Reform From Within.

The Times has at last removed its advertisement from the public light post in front of its office. I don't profess to know exactly why the sign came down, but I would be willing to wager that it was because the boys on the staff—some of whom are really very decent fellows!—grew ashamed of seeing it there and petitioned to have it removed, and not because anybody in authority in the city government had the nerve to make the Times obey the law. But what will happen if Gen. Otis's eagle eye should miss it on his return from the East?

#### 1887—1905.

Eighteen years ago this very month, the great boom was at its height. The outlying districts of the city, and the regions along the railways in every direction were being cut up into town lots and sold at absurd prices. The newspapers were puffed out to an inordinate size with half page and full page advertisements of real estate sales. Everything was

plastered with "For Sale" signs, although when you attended an auction you thought everybody was buying and none wishing to sell. Every day witnessed the hanging out of a batch of new real estate cards, and hundreds of men deserted lines of profitable, legitimate business to engage in the buying and selling of lots. In some respects the present time is an exact reproduction of that era eighteen years ago, and yet there is a fundamental difference. There is the same activity in the movement of real estate, the volume of bona fide sales is probably greater. There are the same huge advertisements in the newspapers and the same laying out of lots in tracts in city and country. No doubt some of this is overdone just as it was in 1887, and when the fad is over, a good many people may wish they had not purchased this or that particular piece. But the essential difference lies in the fact that the boom of 1887 was built on hope and faith and expectation, whereas that of 1905 rests on achieved results. In 1887 there were going to be railways that would make the suburban places habitable; in 1905 the railways are there. In 1887 we were going to build presently at the rate of a million dollars a month; in 1905, we are building at that rate and have been doing so for thirty months. In 1887 the country had little else in the way of business except real estate; now the banks show clearances of \$8,000,000 a week, in this city, and the entire region hums with actual industry like a huge hive. There is a real estate boom, to be sure, but there is plenty of other kinds of booms to keep it company.

#### Remodeling the Council Chamber.

Dr. Houghton's suggestion that the Council Chamber be cut in two on the line of the third floor is not without merit. The present chamber is absurdly high, running from the second story of the building clear to the roof. The upper section of the room having no ventilation is full of dead air, and it moreover provides an echo space that interferes with the acoustic properties. The area thus gained would provide additional rooms for the city attorney, who is now badly cramped and would take care of the permanent Board of Public Works which comes into existence January, 1906.

#### A Heated Political Imagination.

The Times claims to have discovered that there is a vast amount of quiet opposition to James McLachlan in the Republican ranks and that the leaders have decided to substitute some one else in his place a year hence. A probable candidate has been discovered by that paper in the person of City Attorney Mathews. Mr. Mathews has my sympathy. He has served the city faithfully for two terms as city attorney and at the last municipal election he was nominated by both parties, but if he is to be taken up by the Times I am afraid of his finish. Some time ago that paper discovered John G. Mott as the probable opponent of Mr. McLachlan, but he seems to have failed to give satisfaction and is now displaced. Also the Times announces that Mr. McLachlan won the nomination last time "by a mere scratch". To be sure, he had the unanimous vote of the nominating convention, but that was merely because he had all the delegates; and the only reason he had the delegates was that he carried all the primaries, and he certainly would have lost the primaries but for the



trifling fact that all the people wanted him. Had these things all been different, some one else would undoubtedly have been nominated, which shows the narrow escape he had from defeat. If General Otis wants to fight Mr. McLachlan through personal spite, well and good; that is certainly his privilege; but he really ought to employ some one to write political stuff who is not covertly guying the paper and making it ridiculous.

#### Bliss Carman Here.

How could a man with a name like Bliss Carman escape being a poet? The majority of people imagine it to be a nom de plume, but it is his very own in baptism. Carman is a Canadian by birth but an American by adoption. He was born at Fredericton, New Brunswick, nearly forty-four years ago, and has written a great deal of verse that will survive. His great love of nature, and particularly of the sea, has been the inspiration of his best work. You can almost hear the beating of the waves upon the shore in his verse. Take these lines for instance from his "Sailor's Wedding":

"The whitecaps froth and freshen,  
In squadrons of white surge  
They thunder on to ruin,  
And smoke along the verge.

"They comb and seethe and founder,  
They mount and glimmer and flee,  
Amid the awful sobbing  
And quailing of the sea."

Bliss Carman is a guest at the California Club and expects to tarry in Southern California until the spirit moves him, which, I sincerely hope, will not be for some time. He has already fallen in love with the climate, and the climate should lure him to song. Some kind people are anxious to "lionize" him, but he obstinately refuses to "roar." The fact that he is both shortsighted and silent interferes with the process. Dr. Bert Ellis, who was an undergraduate with Carman at the University of New Brunswick, and Sam Clover, the editor of the Express, were his hosts at a quiet dinner at the California Club Thursday evening.

#### Seeking a Worse Fate.

Corporations are generally credited with shrewdness and the ability to look out for their own interests, and yet when it comes to their dealings with the public, many corporations show themselves the veriest fools. Because the people are good-natured and long suffering, it must not be argued that their power of endurance is absolutely without limit, nor that they will not, when thoroughly aroused, go to extremes on their side. The corporations using poles and wires to conduct their business have outraged the people's rights to a degree that no one could ever have believed would be so long endured. Many of the most beautiful streets in the city have been totally ruined, and there are cases where men



PADEREWSKI

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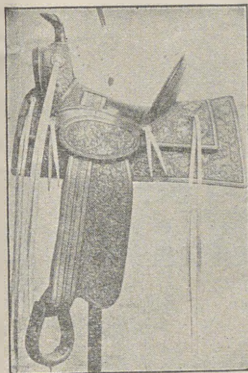
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have been almost denied access to their property from the street. Trees have been chopped to pieces and parkways devastated, until a deep and fierce wrath has settled upon the minds of householders. After a determined campaign carried on by improvement societies and the Municipal League for over a year, the Council granted a measure of relief. It was decreed that two miles of conduit a year should be constructed in the residence sections. Had the Council refused, an initiative would have been put into operation for five miles a year, and it would have carried by an overwhelming majority. The two-mile ordinance was a compromise in favor of the corporations, and they were given six months from November 1st to do the first streets selected—Adams and Figueroa. Four months of that time have now elapsed and the corporations have not made a motion toward carrying out the ordinance. Their purpose is evidently to go before the Council when the time is up and ask for an extension. Instead of meeting the wishes of the people pleasantly and gracefully in return for the very moderate demand finally made upon them, they are putting off all action to the very last minute, hoping by some device to wriggle out of doing their duty. The inevitable result will be more agitation and in the long run a worse fate for the corporations.

### Has Struck Home.

Dr. Osler, the Johns Hopkins University professor who thinks that men over sixty ought to be chloroformed, seems to have delivered a blow somewhere in the solar plexus of the Times office. Every day since the Osler theory was promulgated, the Times has been throwing the harpoon at Osler and Oslerism. And every fresh argument appears to the Times not quite to meet the occasion. My! Can it be possible that the General thinks Osler knows him?

### The Lankershim License.

Colonel Jim Lankershim's struggle to obtain a liquor license for the Lankershim Hotel is becoming more involved. I suppose that Colonel Lankershim eventually will get his coveted license, but on what terms and how seems problematic. After the revocation of the license of one Quilici a short time since, the way seemed easy for Colonel Lankershim, but he is face to face with a bitter contest with Maier & Zobelein, who, I understand, are not willing that they should be slaughtered to make a Lankershim holiday.

### Why Maier & Zobelein?

It will be remembered that when Colonel Lankershim entered the lists as a license aspirant, one holder of licenses offered him a license for \$6,500. There was, I believe, an alternative—the Colonel could tie up to sell one brand of beer and get aboard for nothing. This proposition did not come from Maier & Zobelein, who up to two weeks ago were disinterested spectators of the fray. With kaleidoscopic rapidity the police board revoked a Maier & Zobelein license and simultaneously broached the plan to sell liquor licenses. This revocation, about which an interesting story is told, brought Maier & Zobelein into the thick of the fray. They have openly said they will bid for the license, if it is put up for sale, and insist that their applicant for the license, Rade-



macher, has as good a right to the permit as Colonel Lankershim, inasmuch as they are large property-owners, extensive employers of labor and law-abiding citizens.

#### Lankershim's Course.

Determined to get a license, Lankershim insists that he will not deal with the brewers. Neither does he seem to relish the idea of bidding for the license in competition with Maier & Zobelein. Before next Tuesday rolls around there will be a deal of "connubation" in every interested quarter.

#### About Selling Licenses.

I see that the police board shyed last Tuesday at the plan to sell licenses. Mayor McAleer tells me that they are going to sell the licenses all right, and yet with a varied and extensive knowledge of the license business I must admit my inability to see how. The longer this struggle goes on the fiercer will it grow, and to all appearances the more involved it will get.

#### License "Trust."

Amid all this din I must confess I don't see anything to change the opinion I expressed two weeks ago about the so-called "license trust." If there exists such a "trust" it has been created by the 200 license limit. A saloon license is a valuable piece of property just now. The three large brewing concerns and two smaller ones have in self-defense gathered in all the licenses they can. It goes without saying that if these breweries did not gather in the licenses someone else would. "No licenses, no brewery," and with the number limited any business man would do the same as these men have done. If, for instance, the number of dry goods stores was limited by law to ten, we would have a dry goods combination. If there could be but ten hat stores a hat combine would be formed; if only fifty doctors could practice in Los Angeles your doctor's bill would be a thing of beauty—to the doctor's eyes. I don't want to be understood as favoring an increase in the number of saloon licenses—I am too firm a believer in strict regulation of the liquor trade for that. But what I want to show is the futility of raging and raving about a "license trust" when city ordinances are responsible for the creation of conditions that make a saloon license a most valuable asset.

#### Faith and Flocks.

How these poets love one another! That was a cruel but very clever critique of Sam Clover's in the Express the other evening reviewing Ella Wheeler Wilcox's Fellowship hymn. The hymn, written for B. Fay Mills's flock, was certainly a very tame performance, both in form and feeling, in comparison with Mrs. Wilcox's erotic verse laid by its side by the editor of the Express. Mr. Mills made a very promising start on his Inaugural day, last Saturday, the Fellowship being enrolled with 800 members, a

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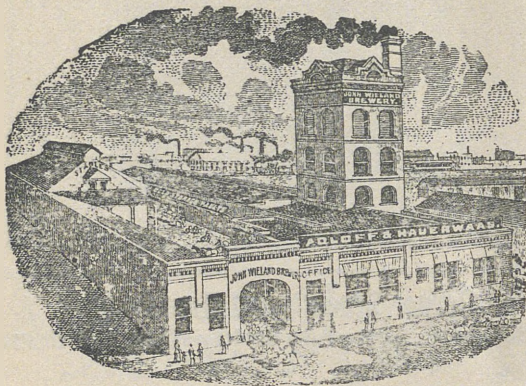
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congregation amply sufficient to insure him a salary of \$3,000 a year, which, I understand, is his figure. I have not the least doubt of Mr. Mills's earnestness or ability; only I should advise him not to attempt further explanations of what his religious beliefs are, for it seems to me that nobody can be any the wiser. I heard him lift up his voice in prayer a short time ago. At least I understood from his own attitude and from that of his audience that such was his intention. But it did not turn out to be a supplication to the Almighty at all; rather, it was an ornate speculation as to man's entity and Light and Life and Love; a smooth stream of words, soothing to the senses but not very refreshing to the intellect. I suppose this is the "New Thought". Mr. Mills, however, has an attractive personality, and if he has discovered a new method, or redressed the old one, we should all cheer instead of carp. I notice that Dr. J. S. Thomson, who used to preach more interesting sermons than any pulpiteer in Los Angeles, has lately incorporated a church of his own, or, to be more correct, his admirers have formed the Dr. Thomson Church Company. Dr. Thomson formerly presided over the Church of the Unity, but resigned to go to England. Then it was reported he was about to become an Episcopalian, a step, however, which he did not take. He returned to Los Angeles and many of his former congregation and others of his admirers founded "The Independent Church of Christ," which some facetious scoffer declared should have been called "The Church, Independent of Christ," since the preacher had not abandoned his Unitarianism. Now, apparently, it is to be the Dr. Thomson Church, which probably is the most sensible name for it. At all events, it is refreshingly candid. In the meanwhile, it occurs to me that the faith of a flock must be difficult when the pastor himself seems hazy about his faith. Nevertheless, the revolt of such men as Dr. Thomson and B. Fay Mills from the narrow, men-made dogmas that divide the sects appeals to many thoughtful men and women, who demand a measure of independence even in their religious exercises.

A fly and a flea in a flue  
Were imprisoned. Now, what could they do?  
Said the fly: "Let us flee!"  
"Let us fly," said the flea—  
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.—Ex.

**Louis Comes Back.**

Commander E. J. Louis, whose bill to prevent militiamen from being mistaken for bandsmen or bell-boys I referred to with unbecoming levity last week, comes back at me in such excellent humor that I gladly print extracts from his letter:

"I presume it is safe to say that no one enjoyed your article entitled 'Commander Louis's Sad Case' more than I have, and while a goodly number of my friends have joshed me about it, I was prepared for them, as I was fully cognizant of the fact when I accepted a public position that I was putting myself in a situation where I might at times be cartooned or caricatured; and especially so as I was frequently warned by our good Governor, Dr. Pardee, that it 'all went with the job': therefore I take it in good spirit.

"In reading between the lines, however, I make



due allowance for the fact that the author of the article could not seriously believe that the uniforms cherished by us all so highly and as exemplified in the wearing of them by the best army and navy on earth, and who have always so faithfully and successfully defended the honor of the country which permits him and me to live in freedom, should not be protected from any degradation which might be directed against it, and it is certainly a degradation when business houses are permitted to use it as an advertising medium. I am sure that the writer of the article will agree with me that the uniforms used by both branches of the service must be respected and uplifted at every opportunity.

"The movement thus inaugurated meets with the approval of Inspector General George H. Burton of the United States Army, Adjutant General J. B. Lauck of this State, Brigadier General Robert Wankowski and others high in the militia of this State, given after sober and careful consideration. \* \* \*

"It is needless to say that my own personal feelings do not stand aggrieved, because in my own humble belief it is not the individual to whom respect or disrespect is shown, but the uniform which may clothe him, and that surely must not be discredited.

"I feel quite sure when the bill is passed, either by our own Legislature or by Congress, that no one will be more happy than your own good self."

Aye, aye, sir.

#### Any More Evidence Needed?

The Times has absorbed one of the Herald's linotype machines, giving another confirmation of the existence of the umbilical cord connecting these esteemed contemporaries. The precautions taken to hide the transfer of the machine were funny. The machine was torn down, the parts packed in boxes as if for shipment, the boxes ostentatiously marked "Mergenthaler Linotype Co., San Francisco," as if for shipment, and ceremoniously carted to the railroad freight sheds. Then the boxes were covered up and carted to the Times office. But smart people sometimes overreach themselves. Foolishly enough a Times machinist was sent to the Herald office to knock down the machine; and the boxes were seen by too many people in transit from the depot to the Times office. I hear that the Times is buying a new Hoe press. I hear, too, that the Goss press that was in the Herald's press room is to be traded in for part payment. Comment is unnecessary.

#### Brook's Book.

The facetious young paragrapher of the Times must label his jokes. When Harry Brook was given a special indulgence to air his "hygienic heresies" before the Sunset Club, the youthful humorist wrote a five-line report of the meeting, in which he alluded to Dr. Harry E. Brook's treatise "Don'ts for Those Who Wish to Avoid Being Buried Alive." Harry's burden is now so weighted by correspondence with nervous old ladies who want to know the price of his book that he threatens to write one. By the way, the entente cordiale between the medical profession and the editor of "The Care of the Body" will not be improved by the publication in Last Sunday's Times of a portion of the tirade he read against regular practitioners at the Sunset Club.

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## Venom, No Wit.

Speaking of humor in the Times reminds me of an unusually sparkling column in the Sunday edition, captioned "The Lancer." That is, it usually sparkles, and most of the shafts strike true. I was under the impression that "The Lancer" was Harry Carr, who wields a clever quill and who during the five or six years he has been on the Times's staff has brightened many a dull page with his original style of reporting. But after reading last Sunday's "Lancer" I am quite confident that Carr is not wholly responsible. I know Carr to be a decent and amiable lad. Of all the vile venom that the Times has spat out in its vindictive career the concluding paragraph of last Sunday's "Lancer" was the worst. The paragraph, alleged to be in verse, was aimed at the editor of a rival newspaper, and gloated over the prediction that he was soon to be deposed from his desk. For unmitigated coarseness of soul, for sheer brutality, that "gloat" was the most despicable and offensive thing I ever read.

## Arbor Day.

Arbor Day is to be observed, and I hope generously and generally, next Friday, which is also "the seventeenth of Ireland." There is more encouragement this year to plant trees in that we no longer have a street superintendent with a ruthless ax. Mayor McAleer has proclaimed a public half holiday, which at least a respectable minority of the community should devote to its purpose of planting trees. There are not many of us that can do anything more enduring than to plant a tree, and, surely, it is the least we can do for ourselves and for posterity. The Sunset Club will observe the custom it inaugurated last year, of visiting Ellysian Park in a body, under the guidance of Henry O'Melveny, and each member will stand sponsor for a tree.

Medium—Do you wish to see your departed husband's spirit?

Mrs. Whiffletree—No; I want to see his ghost! Josh never had no spirit!"—Puck.

## Conried's Coming.

Before the arrival of Heinrich Conried and his famous songbirds next month his local representative, Brother Behymer, must learn to spell his name. He has been impressing upon the city newspapers that the great impressario spells his name with the e before the i. By the way, Conried had his little jest with Behymer a short time ago. When Conried first discovered Los Angeles upon the map Behymer was asking for three operas, which have since been curtailed to two. Conried named "La Traviata" as one of his selections—"with Caruso." Now, certain New York newspapers—they are probably romancing—declare that Behymer wrote back to Conried and declared that he didn't care for Caruso, but that Los Angeles knew, and was very fond of, Dippel. Conried and the New York newspapers thought this a very good joke, because Caruso is generally considered the greatest tenor in the last ten years of opera and Dippel doesn't draw a quarter of Caruso's salary. However, Brother Behymer knows all about Caruso now—vide the reams of Carusonian biography and panegyrics that his trusty typewriter is turning out. The all too brief opera season will be



a welcome respite for society from the ordeals of Lent, and, no doubt, the strictest devotee will be given a dispensation to hear "Parsifal," even if "Lucia" should be barred.

#### Enthusiastic Russo.

Domenico Russo, the little tenor, who has never sung in Los Angeles without arousing among his hearers almost as great enthusiasm as he himself possesses, is here again. This time the ardent Sicilian means to tarry with us. He has brought his signora with him and his household gods, and has selected a home on Denver Avenue, where he is fitting up a studio. He is as enthusiastic about everything as ever, and the melancholy that for a time obscured his soul when Collamarini proved faithless has been obliterated. Russo fairly bubbles over with zeal as he describes the beauty of Signora Russo's voice. The lady was Russo's prize pupil in San Francisco and he is certain that she has both the throat and the temperament to set the world on fire. Russo has no engagements till next September, when he will again be a member of the Tivoli's grand opera company in San Francisco. In the meanwhile he intends to devote himself to teaching and is confident that there is sufficient latent talent in Los Angeles from which to select a whole grand opera company. Certainly, if he can impart a tithe of his own enthusiasm to his pupils, he should prove a most successful teacher.

Well," said Mr. Titewad, putting down his paper, "that woman who got all that money from those bankers certainly was shrewd. Seems like a woman can always get money from a man, no matter how cautious he is."

"She can," remarked Mrs. Titewad, "so long as she isn't married to him."—Judge.

#### Bispham's Age.

Is David Bispham, who completely fascinated a matinee audience, mainly composed of women, at Simpson's last week, a greater actor than singer? I have no intention of infringing upon the preserves of Mr. Stevenson by attempting an answer to this interesting question, and I understand that Mr. Bispham himself is contemplating an answer. No one realizes better than Bispham that "Bispham's voice is not what it used to be," and Bispham is wise enough to have determined to retire his voice before the general public realizes it. That is, he will retire his singing voice, and intends to give up opera for drama. With his "india-rubber face," as he himself has described his mastery of facial expression, and his great dramatic power, Bispham is almost sure to attain a great success on the dramatic stage. While the versatile David was singing a captivating ballad Saturday afternoon about "a pretty, pretty maiden," I warrant most of the fair sex present did not bother their heads about his age. His London artist-tailor gives a most graceful waist-line to his frock coat, and Bispham treads as lightly, aye as jauntily, as a lad of twenty. Therefore I was perturbed when I turned to a musician in the audience—himself a baritone, and not jealous—and asked him, "How old is Bispham?" "Oh, near the chloroforming age, about sixty!" replied Mr. Baritone. I admired Bispham more than ever, but subsequently decided to corroborate this information, and on consulting my "Who's Who" I discover that David Bis-

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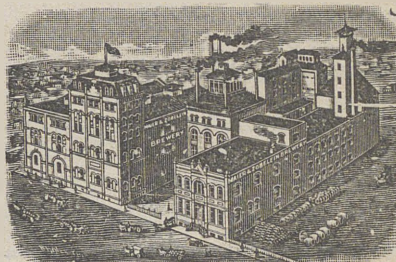
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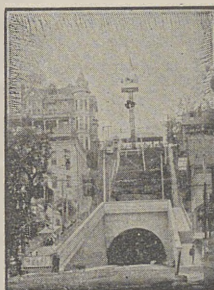
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pham was born in Philadelphia Jan. 5, 1857, and has therefore only just passed his forty-eighth birthday. He was "an amateur of music, so frequently engaged in the pursuit that fate seemed to point out the necessity of serious cultivation of the art," but it was not until 1891, in his thirty-fifth year, that he made his professional debut.

#### The Easton-Eldridge Failure.

I am told on good authority that the failure of the well-known real estate firm of Easton, Eldridge & Co. was much exaggerated in the daily press. The death here of George Easton a few months ago placed the affairs of his firm in a condition of apparent insolvency, but not so in reality. I am assured that the assets of the firm are ample to provide for all liabilities. Furthermore, a large proportion of indebtedness is due to members of the firm, and none of them is anxious concerning the firm's financial failure. In the meanwhile, the surviving members of the firm decided to go into voluntary liquidation. I hope most sincerely that these predictions are well founded and that the respected firm will weather the storm. Both Wendell Easton and the late George Easton had many warm friends in Los Angeles.

#### Age and Ability.

There has been much talk about General Manager Calvin of the Southern Pacific being the youngest man holding such a position in the country. I met Mr. Calvin on his recent visit to this city, and while he may be young and says he feels that way, he

looks as if he had passed Dr. Osler's arbitrary point of usefulness. General Manager R. E. Wells of the Salt Lake Railway is said by his associates to be but thirty-five, and the record for youth in such a position is claimed for him. To the contrary of Dr. Osler's argument against men of years, stands Judge Cornish, vice-president of all of Harriman's roads, and of the executive committee of the Salt Lake. The Judge must be all of sixty, but he is considered the most valuable railway man in the United States. Mr. Harriman leaves all of the detail of his properties to him, and trusts implicitly to his judgment.

#### Bancroft's Wisdom.

Another railway notable here during last week was W. H. Bancroft, lately general manager of the Southern Pacific. Mr. Bancroft, as a result of receiving Harriman salaries for a number of years, had the wisdom to retire and enjoy life. When he sent in his resignation Mr. Harriman told him to name his successor, which he did by sending in Mr. Calvin's name. He had educated Calvin in the railway business and knew his worth. Mr. Bancroft continues to act as director in almost all of the Harriman companies, but he will not continue at office work for any salary, and he could get any he wished.

#### Noiseless Crossing.

Writing of railway men reminds me of the new crossing for the Huntington tracks at Fourth and Main streets. By some engineering trick this crossing is noiseless to a wonderful degree—that is, the wheels of the cars do not hammer on the rails as they pass. This all came about because E. B. Pond, the San Francisco banker, stayed one night at the Westminster Hotel, having a room on that corner of the building. He could not sleep and he complained of the noise of the cars to General Sherman, who referred him to Huntington. Pond got Huntington up early one morning to hear the cars crow. "It's abominable," said Pond. Huntington listened for a while and replied, "I think that is a mighty good crossing, Mr. Pond." The result was that Pond changed his room, and Huntington had his little joke. Afterward he had the new crossing designed and now it is in place. When Mr. Pond comes here again he will be shown that crossing.

#### Just in Time.

Coming greatness generally casts its shadows before. John A. McCall, president of the New York Life Insurance Company, who has been here during the past two weeks, was a boy in Albany, New York, with James, better known as "Jim" Kelly, one time a political power in the State, but who now spends most of his time in this city at the Westminster. "I knew McCall as a kid in Albany," Kelly told me recently, "and he was a member of our schoolboy baseball and other clubs. It was a singular thing that even then McCall was the only boy we would trust our money with, so we always made him treasurer." Kelly had a friend in Santa Clara some years ago who had a large policy in the New York Life and nothing else. He was taken violently ill, and in the afternoon Kelly was told the man could not live until morning, and was distracted because he had not paid his last premium and knew he would thereby leave

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his wife and children penniless. It was then late in the afternoon, but Kelly sent a telegram to McCall asking him to pay the premium and draw on the sender of the message for the money. He arranged with the telegraph operator that the message be delivered no matter how late at night it arrived and to secure a response. Just an hour before the man died the reply came from McCall. All it said was "All right. Premium is paid."

#### Harry Stuart's Latest.

Physical culture is to be a feature at the new Jonathan Club quarters. I understand that Professor Harry Stuart, referee of the Century Club, and in his day a boxer of much merit, is to look after this department. I can readily subscribe to the efficacy of boxing and a rub-down as a "next morning" corrective and pick-me-up. Seriously, though, the move is a good one and Harry Stuart knows all the wrinkles. The innovation ought to be a success from the start; and there are several Jonathanites whom I could name who need exercise and whose livers are already sounding a warning.

The president of a certain athletic club in Baltimore which has a fondness for amateur exhibitions of the "manly art" tells of the trials of an Irish boxer imported from Philadelphia to meet a local artist.

It appears that the Philadelphia man was getting the worst of the argument when one of his friends whispered in his ear:

"Brace up, old man, and stop some of them blows."

"Stop 'em?" murmured the unfortunate man. "Do you see anny of thim gitin' by?"

#### Someone Is Pleased.

I hear that the Rev. Eliza Tupper Wilkes was much pleased with the workings of the political machine as she found it in Sacramento, notwithstanding the fact that the suffrage bill which she went north to support was turned down. Mrs. Wilkes reached Sacramento about the time that the bribery bomb-shell was exploded in the midst of the Legislature, but a small thing like that did not disturb her confidence in the integrity of the political heroes who have been making laws for California. It is said Mrs. Wilkes has only admiration for each and every one of the representatives from Southern California, and has so expressed herself. Other leading club women in this part of the State do not share all her sentiments. One group I heard discussing the matter this week concluded their comments with: "And Corney Pendleton, too!"

#### Good Measure Lost.

California women with requests to make of the State Legislature, writes my club correspondent, have had much cause for discouragement regarding the outcome of their petitions. Most deplorable of the several failures, it seems to me, was that touching the proposed employment of women physicians in the insane asylums of this State. Gov. Pardee vetoed the bill simply, he claims, because the authorization for appointment of officers mentioned in the bill had been inadvertently omitted. When the State Federation of Women's Clubs met in Los Angeles a short time ago the question of placing women physicians on all the hospital boards was discussed with animation. Dr. Dorothy Moore had the matter in hand, and with her usual energy urged the Federation to set its seal of approval upon the proposition,

in order that the Legislature might understand how thoroughly interested the leading club women of California were in the passage of the bill. The desired indorsement was readily secured, for it took little explanation to convince every woman present that the measure was necessary in order that female patients might receive such care as they need. The supposition is that Gov. Pardee was in sympathy with the bill and probably would have signed it without question had it been free from legal defect. The only wonder is that a woman of Dr. Moore's ability and foresight should have allowed the document to be placed before the Legislature until it was in shape to become a law if acceptable to that body. Now the measure must wait two years for another hearing, and meantime the need goes unsupplied.

#### Paying for Experience.

All of which reminds me that women have much to learn regarding legal forms and the methods of procedure where government in its various branches is concerned. It might be well in such cases to employ the services of experienced men, friendly to the cause, who from long association with such matters could save embarrassment, inconvenience and possibly disaster to the movement in hand. "We are learning by our failures," said one clever club member the other day, and her co-workers applauded. That is a commendable spirit of contrition. At the same time there is such a thing as paying too dearly for experience, and sometimes a lesson may be learned in more than one way.

#### Without the Ballot.

Mrs. Charlotte Heineman touched this point recently, when talking to the Friday Morning Club about women's influence in political life. Mrs. Heineman is of German extraction and adheres rather strongly to the idea of her countrymen that to be a good "housemother" is to have attained a degree of perfection of which any woman may well be proud. Nevertheless, Mrs. Heineman has a certain degree of sympathy with the modern clamor for political rights which is agitating the feminine mind in certain quarters. She thinks, however, that women are missing many opportunities for good, while they keep their eyes fixed upon the ballot, considering a vote the panacea for every ill which besets the human race. "When women as a class want the ballot," she said, "men will be willing that they should have it. There is a work, distinctively her own, which woman can do for the betterment of political life without going to the polls." Suppose, suggested Mrs. Heineman, that every man who abused the public confidence after he had been placed in office should be ostracised from society! Women have it in their power now to do this, and without the aid of the ballot. As to the fact that many are asking for suffrage when they understand little or nothing about government, the speaker insisted they were beginning at the wrong end of the situation.

Tommy—He called me a name agen, so I jist grabbed him round de neck wid me left arm an' soaked him good wid me right an'—

Mother—Oh, Tommy, Tommy! You mustn't fight like that. It isn't right—

Tommy—Aw! w'at do you know about it, Mom? Hittin' in de clinches ain't barred.



## Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:

I have just spent an enchanted hour viewing the trousseau and wedding presents of our mutual friend Maud. Honestly, my dear, she has some lovely things—a room full of presents and bushels of new clothes. All of the latest things are on view in her pretty boudoir, and is there anything more fascinating than a pretty, happy, prospective bride? Every bit of the trousseau was purchased and made right in Los Angeles, and it does credit in every detail to the sense and taste of the pretty girl bride and her sweet mother.

Of course, the outfit consists of all sorts of wonderful finery, but amongst all the grand things those that appealed to me the most were some exquisite hand-embroidered summer gowns and waists. These, Maud says, were bought at the Boston Store, and are the daintiest, coolest of all summer gowns. Some of the waists were in finest lawn, French embroidery in delicate pattern tracing all over the full front and on the shoulders and back. Others were of Irish linen in heavier raised flowers, worked by the native peasant women. A whole dress of sheer linen was most effective, embroidered all over in that old English open-worked fashion, over which we used to slave and prick our fingers when we were young. I noticed that nearly everything she had (except her corsets) was made to fasten at the back. Luckily Maudie has a maid, else poor Mr. Younghusband would be kept fairly busy for the first week or two—after that the next-door neighbor or the Jap cook boy is sometimes impressed into service, eh, Harriet?

Well, to return to our muttons, or, at all events, the presents. Of course, there was the usual deluge of

cut glass, tea services, salad bowls and other table appointments. What would our jewelers live upon were it not for those wonderful bridal gifts? But the things above all others that took my fancy were several lovely new ideas in jeweled buckles, hat pins, corsage pins, and all that sort of female frippery.

I know they must have been bought at Coulter's, as that is the only store in town where I have seen anything like these novelties. One white satin girdle had an enormous big gold buckler ready to run half a yard up the spinal column, with a more modest one for the front. It was jeweled in the most beautifully cut California emeralds, and the gold itself had a sort of glimmering Emerald green. Another of these jeweled belts was made of tapestry, with the most effective buckles set with all these shimmering California stones that range from rubies and diamonds to turquoise and moonstones. I suppose they cost a nice little penny, these lovely things; some of the jeweled hat pins alone were of great value; but, then, Coulter does not cater to the common herd, and when you buy anything there you may feel certain you are getting something well worth while.

Last week I told you about the lovely summer gowns that the Blackstones have just received, did I not? Yesterday I was there in time to have a first view of some perfectly lovely wraps, coats and opera cloaks. One of heavy ecru Battenberg lace, over corded white silk and finished with chiffon frills was most wonderfully fetching. The Blackstones appear to get all the latest designs in these garments the very moment they "arrive" in New York. It seems that the Redingote style of coat is to be all the rage this year. Have you seen any of them yet? They come in two long coat-tails split up the back to the tight-fitting waist and "blousing" over in the front. I saw one in black silk with black braided lace collar and cuffs lined with white satin, that was quite the "toniest" thing imaginable. Another novelty is shown among these outer wraps in the loose-backed covert and checked coats. They have a bias seam straightaway down the back and look very smart.

The Ville de Paris, as usual, is selling some lovely things in silks. Dainty, shimmering silken shirt-

### The Decree of Fashion

Is for a revived use of Ribbon. It was inevitable that Ribbons should reign with new favor, from the fact that their revival was predestined by the necessity for something new. All other forms of trimming had lived their day, and for Fashion to give its favor to Ribbons was as natural as it was necessary. We compliment our customers on the unusual opportunity for the effective embellishment of spring and summer frocks. Ribbons will enjoy long usage. The largest Ribbon distributing house in the southwest offers you an unrivaled assortment in every kind of good Ribbon. Come "Where Ribbons Reign Supreme" for profitable Ribbon values.

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A beautiful picture of Mt. Shasta, showing field of yellow golden rod in foreground—part of the Chamber of Commerce display for the Portland Exposition.

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waist suits, in greens, browns, mignonettes and blues, in all styles and at all prices. They are all ready to put on and are quite as cool and much more durable than the lawns and mulles for the coming summer. The Ville feels like its old self again with the ever courteous Monsieur Fusenot and the irresistible Mr. Barry, who have just returned from the East, once more in attendance. They brought with them some of the latest styles in ready-made suits. Some are quite charming. Evidently checks and plaids are to be much in vogue this season, as every new garment had for a leading "motif" a check, often infinitesimal, for background.

After viewing all these stunning garments it seemed a far cry to have to assist in the selection for my better half of a new suit of summer clothes. This can, however, be most successfully done, without losing all human interest, in the tailoring establishment of George P. Taylor, on South Broadway. I told you of their newly-opened ladies' department last week and of their French modiste who was up to her eyes in pre-Lenten trousseaus early this week; but, of course, the real big business of this swell firm is done in the men's department. We finally selected a soft gray material—gray is to be the correct color for the men this season—with just a tiny blue thread running through it. Both smart and distinguished, without being "loud," I thought it, and, of course, you know the Taylor cut and fit is a thing to be desired at all times. Next week I will tell you of some of the lovely Frenchy things that Madame has on hand, which I understand will be almost as elaborate and difficult as her accent.

Continually thine,

LUCILLE.

Figuerola street, March Eight.

### *The Case of the Well-Dressed Woman.*

The usual "trenchant and fearless" exposure of the smart set had appeared. It was in a daily paper this time. The accusations were the dear old accusations with which we are all familiar. The evils of bridge, cocaine, and the restaurant habit were fully illustrated. But the little sweep who wrote the article was particularly impressive on the subject of women. He dealt with the folly of their fashions and with their extravagance in dress. Thinking this as good a way to make oneself as unpleasant as any other, I cut out the dress section and showed it to a woman whom I had some hopes it would annoy.

But she was not annoyed at all. She was very patient and resigned. "It's rather silly, isn't it?" she said, "especially when you come to think of all that dress has done for us."

I reflected. "Let me see now," I said, "dress, if taken in sufficient quantities, keeps us warm and decent. Occasionally a woman's dress looks nice. That's about all, isn't it?"

"All? You haven't begun to speak. Dress is the medicine of the soul."

"That ought to be more widely known."

"You always think that everything you do not know is not known. Every woman who dresses and thinks about it knows that it is the medicine of the soul and uses it accordingly."

"Would you describe its action?"

"Certainly. It takes the place of stimulants.

Where a man takes a whisky and soda it is enough for a woman to buy a new hat."

"Yes; where a man spends a shilling a woman spends six guineas."

"That's quite untrue; and, besides, you can get very good hats for four. It would be true to say that where a man seeks a rather coarse and unpleasant form of consolation a woman chooses something that is prettier, more refined, more spiritual."

"Well, when you come to think about it the whisky and soda is also spiritual."

"You'll be sorry you said that afterwards. When a woman's had a great disappointment or has lost a great deal of money or is not feeling at all pleased with herself, she can recover her equanimity and her temper and her pleasure in herself simply by buying a few clothes. The other day a pig of a dress-maker was county-courting a woman, and I read much the same sort of nonsense which you've just shown me on the subject of the wickedness of women's extravagance in dress. Tell me now, what is more valuable than a human life?"

"Two human lives. No; I give it up. How does the question of human life come in?"

"Because time after time dress has stood between a woman and suicide. But for the West-end shops there would be a terrible mortality among women. Any number of them would kill themselves today but for the fact that they have got a new dress and must needs go and wear it. And it is not merely a question of vanity. A very dear friend of mine suffered a terrible bereavement, and she confessed to me long afterwards that almost the only consolation she had at that time was a black dress which was all wrong in the back. She could not help thinking it was all wrong in the back and that took her mind off. Certainly I wouldn't have that practice of wearing mourning neglected. It is a great thing that at such times women simply have to think about clothes whether they like it or not. I will tell you another thing which has escaped you. Women have much more power in moulding their characters than men ever have. The dress of men is commonplace and the male temperament is also commonplace. A woman really is the part which she dresses. No woman, for instance, is the same in the morning that she is in the evening. I have made experiments on myself. I can feel like a governess, and a remarkably unsuccessful governess, or I can feel like a murderess, or I can feel like a poetess, or I can feel like the Queen of Sheba. It all depends on what clothes I have on."

"I see," I said. "So dress is a substitute for alcohol, sermons, suicide, and education, and when a poor devil of a man grumbles at his wife's extravagance he is really starving her soul."

"That is exactly what it comes to."

"Well," I said, "these are interesting statements. You tell me that dress has these mysterious powers, but you don't explain how it comes to have them." She tore up the newspaper cutting which I had given her into very small pieces and snowed them gently on to the fire.

"People," she said, "who cut rude and stupid things out of newspapers and carry them round in their pocket books don't deserve any explanation. Besides," she added, "I can't explain. I only know it's the truth. That's all one wants."—Barry Pain in "The Tatler."



## Over The Teacups

If we are really ready for a quiet Lenten rest, what wonder? Surely the days which preceded the season of sackcloth and ashes have been full enough of gaiety to make even the most indefatigable long for respite. Last year one of my friends undertook to make a Lenten sacrifice by tabooing bright colors and accordingly she bought a very love of a black hat—a most becoming creation—but she assured me it was not because she looks better in black than anything else, ah no! There is no doubt the season will be kept conscientiously by many, but you will not disagree with me in the suspicion that others are glad the time of rest has come in order that they may coax back the roses to their cheeks with sufficient beauty sleep, and get ready for the spring revival which will follow Easter. From present indications the after-Lenten season is to be as lively as that which has just closed.

It was gratifying to see that the fashionable world responded so generously to the effort of Madam Modjeska and her supporters in the Good Shepherd benefit Monday evening. If one excepts the first night presentation of "Ramona" the Mason has not before accommodated so large a house, and prominence of the seat holders suggests the standing which the Good Shepherd institution has in the minds of substantial people, as well as the place which Modjeska occupies in the hearts of the best element in Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hicks, with Miss Hortense Childs, occupied one box, while Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Desmond had a party of friends in another. Madam Hancock's guests occupied a box and a loge; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Newhall, with a large party, had one of the boxes, and Mrs. Elsie Kerckhoff with friends was in another. Mr. and Mrs. Willie Childs were among those who attended; Mr. and Mrs. John Mossin, Senator and Mrs. Stephen Dorsey and scores of others as well known were seen in various parts of the house. About \$3,000 was cleared for this commendable charity, and Bishop Conaty is greatly pleased over the

result. The walls of the new building at the corner of Pico and Arlington streets are already half built, and the money will be applied on the building fund.

The marriage of Miss Eleanor Tuttle and Otto Weid was one of the pre-Lenten affairs of interest. Mrs. Weid is a daughter of Mrs. Lizzie K. Tuttle, and her sister is Miss Hallie Tuttle. The mother and daughters have been almost inseparable since they mingled with the social life of Los Angeles. For a time they resided in San Francisco, but came back a year or so ago, and were heartily welcomed. Mr. Weid is a son of Mrs. Ivar A. Weid, of this city. The marriage took place at the Tuttle home, 401 West Twenty-third street, Tuesday, the day having been chosen because it was the anniversary of the groom's mother's wedding, she having been married to Ivar Weid thirty-seven years ago. The bride and groom are to take almost identically the same wedding trip taken by his parents. Upon their return Mr. and Mrs. Weid will make their home at Ocean Park.

When the women writers of Southern California gathered the first of the week for their annual banquet they were fortunate in having the Lankershim hotel service, and never before were they better served. The house is an ideal place for entertaining, and the ideas of the Press Club regarding its banquet were carried out admirably. It seemed a little unfortunate at the start that the banquet and the reception planned by Mrs. R. B. Young and Miss Minnie Young for the Ruskin Art Club should have been arranged for the same day, but this matter was amicably adjusted by the Press Club, which decided to have its affair Monday instead of Tuesday. Mrs. John W. Mitchell makes an admirable toastmistress, and the social success of the event was largely due to her vivacity. Mrs. Madge Morris Wagner, who was present as one of the guests of honor, was welcomed by many friends, who are always glad to see her when she makes one of her rare trips from San Francisco. Mrs. Wagner is a woman of much more talent than self-assurance, else the public would hear more of her. As it is, she has won undoubted fame with her pen, and her "Liberty Bell" will last as long as there is a patriot in America. She was induced to recite her "Peace Ode" for the Press Club Monday evening. Mrs. Clara Brown Ellis of New York, Mrs. Amphlett of Oxford, England, Mrs. Phineas Ernest of Denver, and Mrs. Turner, president of the Pasadena Shakespeare Club of Pasadena, also were guests of honor Monday evening.

Mrs. Ernest of Denver, who is here as the guest of friends, has taken much interest in club work, and the recent Federation meeting was a strong attraction for her. She has received much social attention also from local women affiliated with club life. Mrs. Jefferson Gibbs, president of the Women's Parliament, gave a reception for her at the Dobinson School the first of the week, and asked officers of the large Los Angeles clubs to meet her. Receiving with the hostess were Meses, A. S. C. Forbes, W. W. Murphy, A. M. Bostwick, Richard B. Beebe, I. W. Phelps, H. G. Brainerd, A. S. Abbott, O. T. Johnson, Fred O. Johnson, Henderson Hayward, Reuben Shettler, N. E. Rice, J. W. Hendrick, W. H. Housh, Sumner P.

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Hunt, Josiah Evans Cowles and Morris Albee. A bevy of girls in pretty spring gowns served tea and ices.

Club women throughout the city express deep sympathy for Mrs. W. T. McFie, in her bereavement. She is a member of the Ruskin Art Club, and many of the members had not heard the news of Mr. McFie's death until they convened for their weekly meeting last Wednesday. Then the announcement was made and the club meeting broke up, none feeling inclined to proceed with the lesson of the day while the McFie home was wrapped in sorrow. Mrs. McFie is a bright woman, devoted to her home and the education of her three sons, all sturdy fellows with much promise of success for the future. The death of Mr. McFie, coming unexpectedly as it did, was necessarily a severe shock to friends of the family.

H. M. Corlette is the latest bachelor to desert the single state. He was married in Pasadena on Wednesday to Mrs. Gertrude Wilbur, a charming young lady, recently from the East. Corlette's friends, who are legion, will wish him a most happy married life. He is widely known in Los Angeles, having been manager of the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Co. and of its predecessor, the Los Angeles Lighting Co., for seventeen years, retiring from the lighting company a few months ago to engage in business for himself. Corlette's acquaintance in San Francisco is fully as large as it is here, he having been brought up in the northern city. His sister, Ethel Corlette, is one of the most brilliant American singers now living abroad.

Among prominent guests at the Angelus Hotel this week are Mrs. J. A. Miner and Mrs. S. A. Adams of Salt Lake City. Mrs. Miner is the wife of Judge Miner, one of the best known men in his profession in Salt Lake. She has come south for a short stay, her friend, Mrs. Adams, accompanying her.

#### Shoplifting Increases.

I am told that a movement is on among the big stores to band together and prosecute shoplifters as a warning to people in general to be good. Shoplifting is practiced in Los Angeles to an extent that would amaze most people. I was talking with the manager of one of the big stores the other day and here is his story, well condensed: "We have captured as many as six or seven shoplifters in a day. Nearly all are women. No, we don't prosecute. It's hard to convict a pretty woman of anything—as for that matter, a woman who has the least pretensions to good looks. When our employes detect a person in the act we have to let the shoplifter get clear to the sidewalk before holding her up. It's easy to get the shoplifter back into the store and easier to make one own up. The excuse is generally the same. I cannot account for shoplifting by Los Angeles women. I have known cases where women prominent in social life, in church and charity works, will hazard their good names by stealing articles worth a few cents to one dollar. Not only do they steal from us, but we often recover plunder from other stores, recognizing it by the marks, of course. I don't think local merchants suffer from organized bands of shop-



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lifters. The pilfering is done by women of good family and supposedly good reputation for honesty. A few convictions would break some hearts, I suppose, and cause endless mortification, but they would end a cause of leakage that though small in each instance, amounts in the aggregate to a goodly sum of money."

Mrs. M. J. Connell was among the last to turn from the gaiety of the pre-Lenten season, and her guests Tuesday afternoon were glad she had waited until that date to entertain them, since the Lenten season, with all its needed rest, is long and lonely, if you try really to be conscientious. Mrs. Connell gave a luncheon in honor of Mrs. William W. Dixon and Mrs. Jeffrey Louzier of Montana, the hostess having asked a party of her intimate friends to meet them. Mrs. Samuel Kingsley Lindley of Menlo avenue also entertained Tuesday, her guests of honor being her sisters-in-law, Mrs. James M. Moore of New York and Mrs. Nelson O. Swift of Chippewa Falls, Wis. Both have been in Los Angeles since early winter and expect to remain here throughout the spring, I am told. They have enjoyed a visit, made delightful by the attentions of their friends, and the affair of Tuesday was only one of many that have been given for them. Mrs. Rosalind Greene Peasley gave her musicale on Ash Wednesday; but then, you know, everybody is not keeping Lent. The program was exceptionally good and the event a delightful one. Mrs. Peasley is a literary woman, who draws around her people of intellect and talent, and many of these were in the company Wednesday.

Mrs. Elmer Barber entertained friends with a coaching party Wednesday, the Yellowstone Park tally-ho having been placed at her service for the occasion.

ANASTASIA.

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## Where Are They?

Miss Helen Spier has returned from a three months' visit in the East.

Mrs. William H. Schweppe is visiting her relatives in Dayton, Ohio.

The Misses Irene and Bent Boggs, of Lakeport, Cal., returned home this week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Judy, of 1814 Toberman street, left Wednesday for a tour in Mexico.

Mrs. Fannie Burton Withersmith, of Chicago, is visiting Mrs. A. B. Barrett, of Hollywood.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Linholm, of Orange street, have gone to 212 Ocean Front, Ocean Park.

Mrs. C. B. French of Lake Forest, Ill., is the guest of Mrs. Harry Bixby, of 24 St. James Park.

Mrs. Herbert Cutler Brown is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Elwood Wright, formerly Miss Edna Lowe.

Mrs. Alex Pomeroy, of Washington and Toberman streets, leaves next week for New Zealand and expects to travel for the next two years.

Miss Annis Van Nuys, of 1445 West Sixth street, is visiting in San Francisco Mrs. Sidney Ehrman, who formerly was Miss Florence Hellman.

### Receptions, Etc.

March 3.—Miss Florence Silent, 4 Chester Place; for Miss Mabel Garnsey.

March 3.—Miss Edna Wyman, 926 Bonnie Brae street; for Mrs. J. W. Campbell, of Fargo, N. D.

March 3.—Mrs. J. H. Martindale, 636 Lucas avenue; luncheon for Madam Modjeska.

March 3.—Miss Huston Bishop, West Adams street; card party.

March 3.—Mrs. Bruce Stevenson, 1254 Elden avenue; for Miss Bird Howe, of Sacramento.

March 4.—Miss Blanche Rogers; lunch at the California Club for Mr. Harold Smith, of Columbus, Ohio.

March 4.—Altar Guild of St. Paul's Cathedral; pre-Lenten sale at Hotel Angelus.

March 4.—Mrs. S. S. Salisbury, Hotel Westmoore; for Mrs. W. P. Jeffries and Mrs. H. C. Lee.

March 4.—Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Fay, Jr.; dinner at Bolsa Chica Gun Club.

March 4.—Mrs. Frank M. Walsh, 405 South Alvarado street; for Miss Virginia Walsh.

March 5.—Mrs. H. Jacoby and Miss Etta Jacoby, 156 West Pico street; at home.

March 6.—Mrs. I. L. Lowman and Miss Sheda Lowman, Hotel Lankershim; at home.

March 6.—Mrs. George Wilson King, 10 St. James Park; for Mrs. James F. Fargo and the Misses Fargo, of New York.

March 6.—Mrs. James B. McMillin, Miss McMillin and Miss Adelaide Bindley, 667 West Twenty-eighth street; bridge party for Mrs. Edward H. Bindley.

March 6.—Mrs. E. P. Clark and the Misses Lucy and Mary Clark, 823 West Twenty-third street; luncheon at Playa del Rev for Miss Gwendolen Laughlin.

March 6.—Mrs. Harry Llewellyn Bixby, 24 St. James Park; for Mrs. C. B. French, of Lake Forest, Ill.

March 7.—Mrs. Frank Griffith, Hotel Hinman; at home.

March 7.—Mrs. Samuel Kingston Lindley, 2627 Menlo avenue; for Mrs. James M. Moore and Mrs. Nelson O. Swift.

March 7.—Mrs. Henry J. Woollacott, 1001 South Burlington avenue; for Tuesday Evening Club.

March 7.—Mrs. Charles Seeley Eastman and Mrs. Walter Poe Winston; for Eschscholtzia Chapter, D. A. R., at Ebell Club.

March 7.—Mrs. R. B. Young, 802 West Seventh street; reception at Hotel Lankershim for Ruskin Art Club.

March 7.—Mrs. Michael J. Connell, 2307 South Figueroa street; luncheon for Mrs. Jeffrey Louzier and Mrs. William Dixon, of Butte, Mont.

March 8.—Mrs. Rosalind Greene Peasley, 1417 Magnolia avenue; at home.

March 10.—Mr. and Mrs. Marion Welsh, 748 Garland avenue; card party for Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Colton.

March 10.—Mrs. I. Louis and Miss Louis, 669 Westlake avenue; at home.

### Anastasia's Date Book

March 15.—Mr. and Mrs. John G. Gray, 443 South State street; for Boyle Heights Five Hundred Club.

March 15.—Jonathan Club; house-warming reception.

March 18.—California Badger Club at the residence of Mrs. Clarence P. Bartlett; for Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

### Recent Weddings

March 2.—Mr. John E. Healey, of Ventura, to Miss Clara Knecht, at Durban, South Africa.

March 4.—Mr. Edward J. Moriarty, of Santa Barbara, to Miss Rosa A. Dominguez, in the church of St. Thomas the Apostle.

March 7.—Mr. Otto Weid to Miss Eleanor Tuttle, at 401 West Twenty-third street.

March 7.—Mr. John Colburn Graves to Miss Mary Josephine Strait, at St. John's.

March 7.—Mrs. John Burton Chaffey to Miss Olive Prescott.

### Approaching Weddings

March 22.—Dr. W. W. Hall, of Butte, Mont., to Mrs. Purdon Smith-Miller, at 333 West Twenty-eighth street.

March 27.—Mr. Herbert E. Hamilton to Miss Echo Miller, at 839½ South Grand avenue.

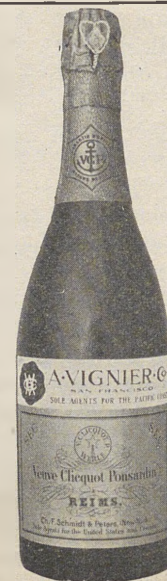
April 26.—Mrs. Paul Burks to Miss Stella Bumiller, in Christ Church.

### Engagements.

Mr. Neal K. Traylor to Miss Maebelle Doolittle, of Pasadena.

Mr. Charles W. Engel, of Omaha, Neb., to Miss Clarissa Treadwell, of Pomona.

Mr. William Dellamore to Miss A. A. Paul, of San Francisco.



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Do not accept substitutes! **A. Roth, Agt.**



# On the Stage and Off

The performance of "The Winter's Tale" given at the Mason last Monday evening for the benefit of a worthy charity was abundantly supported and netted, it is said, a handsome sum. The condescension of Madame Modjeska in consenting to appear as "Hermione" made the occasion unusually attractive. This particular role was wisely chosen, as it makes the minimum demand upon the strength of an actress whom the press now dares to call "venerable."

Although Madame Modjeska has not appeared in the character of Hermione on any previous occasion, it is almost superfluous to say that it was interpreted with that grace, dignity, intelligence and feeling that are inseparable from her own personality.

The chief support of the famous tragedienne was a Miss Butt, a professional actress, as "Paulina," who was really acceptable in the part, though suffering from a tendency, rather rigidly manifested, to "eloquent" her lines. The only other professional in the cast was Garnet Holme, the stage manager of the production, who was entirely out of his metier. His assumption of the jealous "Leontes" was so pitifully weak that it marred the whole performance.

The remainder of the cast, including, among others too numerous to mention, a simpering "Perdita," a "Florizel" who looked and acted like a young Silenus, and an "Autolyceus" built on the model of a modern tramp, were each and all afflicted with a desire to "act," which desire seemed to be realized in the practice of perpetual motion, with or without the regulation Delsartean gestures.

As to the delivery of their lines, there seemed to be little understanding of the play on the part of the performers, and the most ordinary requirements for the correct interpretation of blank verse were ignored. The men in the cast were, without exception, conspicuous for their pre-eminence in these shortcomings. When to this condition is added the fact that the play was ruthlessly cut, it is little wonder that the absence of Shakespearean atmosphere was generally commented upon.

But the representation was given for charity, and therefore the mantle of charity must be spread over the performance. To go into detail, or to enter upon an analysis of the several character portrayals, would be highly improper, ungrateful, cynical and hypercritical. Two dollars a seat was not too much to give for the assistance of the noble institution that was so substantially benefitted by these means.

After four months of waiting, local playgoers will at last see a production of Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Lusecombe Searelle's much-talked-of play "Mizpah." During a visit to San Francisco Manager Morosco, of the Burbank, met the noted authoress and promised to present the play in his Los Angeles theater at the earliest possible moment. Arrangements were then made for an earlier production in San Francisco, where the play has already been running six weeks, with splendid results. In a letter to Mr. Morosco, Mr. W. H. Bishop, manager of the Majestic Theater, says that from the present outlook the play will run another two weeks, or even longer. In Oakland the play has been running to packed houses for

five weeks. Ashton Stevens, of the San Francisco Examiner, enthusiastically declared "Mizpah" to be better than "Ben Hur," "Mary of Magdala" and all other sacred dramas combined. Such an opinion from such a source, backed by the fact that "Mizpah" is still packing the houses at every performance after a run of six weeks, when the usual life of a drama in that city is one week, certainly indicates that the play possesses real merit and unusual drawing powers. Mark Klaw, of the firm of Klaw &

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Erlanger, has secured the Eastern rights to the play, Mr. Klaw having made the trip from New York City to San Francisco especially to witness the initial production. For the past two weeks the Burbank stage has been the center of much excitement and more hard work. Stage carpenters have been working day and night over the countless details and effects that go to complete a production of this kind. Scene painters have been laboring over the eleven separate scenes used in "Mizpah," and the property men are working overtime on the multitude of effects that are essential for the characteristic atmosphere of the great play. Everything points to one of the most elaborate productions that the Burbank has ever given.

Mrs. Dobinson is to repeat her reading of Stephen Phillips's drama, "The Sin of David," at the Dobinson auditorium Thursday evening, March 23. The first reading of the play was given before the Friday Morning Club two weeks ago, and Mrs. Ella H. Enderlein, chairman of the club's program committee, pays the following tribute to the excellence of Mrs. Dobinson's rendition: "Mrs. Dobinson's sincere and dramatic rendition of the drama, act by act, held the absorbed attention of her audience. Especially were her powers shown in the last act, where the anguish, the horror and the bitterness were given with intense feeling up to the supreme and dramatic moment when, the passion of guilt being over, Sir Hubert Lisle and Miriam, his wife, pass together into the inner room where lies the body of their child, now a bond closer than any earthly tie. The underlying current of pathos in this, the closing scene, was treated with strong feeling and the most sympathetic and subtle interpretation."

The patrons of the Grand are enjoying a healthy change of diet this week. In place of the chronic strain upon their tear-ducts they are reveling in laughter over Harry Beresford in C. T. Vincent's farce-comedy "Our New Man." It is the same brand of fooling that Beresford made such a success of in "The Wrong Mr. Wright." Truman Toots has the time of his life when mistaken for an Australian in his entangled love affairs, and Beresford makes the most of Professor Toots.

A delightful feature of the Burbank's revival of "The Two Orphans" is Phosa McAllister's admirable work as the Countess and Sister Genevieve. Miss McAllister, almost alone of the stock company, preserves the traditions of D'Ennery's classic melodrama. Bennett Southard, however, gives a creditable performance of Picard.

The strength of Belasco's lies almost as much in his stock of plays as in his stock players. It is only about a year ago that Amelia Bingham was here with "The Climbers," and already we have the same play in stock, very well performed, at one-third of the prices. Thus theatergoers who can possess their souls in patience may add quite a bit to their savings by waiting for the stock performance of a play, which nowadays is bound to come in due season, if the play is worth while. Furthermore, they avoid being buncoed into seeing plays that are not worth while and will not survive for stock usage. The strength of the



Belasco company is well proved in "The Climbers," which is an exacting task. Tom Oberle is to the front this week with a vivid and intense portrayal of the Wall street gambler whose gloomy weakness and wantonness exhaust the patience of the average auditor. Others who distinguish themselves in "The Climbers" are Miss Gardner, Miss Howe and Mr. Vivian. A promising addition to the company has been made in Miss Lillian Buckingham.

Josephine Sabel finds herself as popular as ever at the Orpheum this week, the audience refusing to agree with her "that she is growing too old to do this monkey-doodle business." Howard and Leona Bland make lots of fun in a sketch called "A Strange Boy." Hayes and Henley, "the clerk and the bell boy," furnish an eccentric turn that also proves mirth-provoking. The colored musicians—really musical, Cole and Johnson, continue to infuse an air of real talent into the bill. The biograph this week preaches a sermon on the varied and uneven consequences of disregarding the laws of meum and tuum.

#### *Trusty Tips to Theatregoers*

**Mason.** Manager Wyatt reopens his doors Monday evening with "David Harum," which exceedingly popular character will hold the boards for the first half of the week. William H. Turner again returns here in the title role. The play is now in its third year, but shows no decline in popularity.

Thursday evening Charles B. Hanford commences his annual engagement, and this year will give us "Don Caesar de Bazan" for the first time in this city, as well as "Othello." The Shakespearean tragedy will be given Thursday and Saturday evenings. "Don Caesar" will be the bill Friday evening and at the Saturday matinee.

**Morosco's Burbank.** Sunday afternoon "Mizpah," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Luscombe Searle, will be presented for the first time here. The unprecedented success attained by "Mizpah" in San Francisco and Oakland, as well as the widespread interest which attaches to any of Mrs. Wilcox's work, makes the production of unusual interest.

**Belasco's.** The stock company will present Monday evening for the first time in Los Angeles the Irish drama "Tom Moore."

**Orpheum.** Powell's Electric Marionettes, "imported direct from London," will be the leading feature of next week's bill. Another novelty from Europe will be Pivitt and his "mysterious face," which is said to be as large as a hundred faces put together and to portray every human emotion in response to the facial contortions of the harlequin. The Alpine family of acrobats will make their first appearance here; a cakewalk on the tight rope is one of their many diversions. The Brothers Rossi, also acrobats, return with "A Mysterious Sweetheart."

**Grand.** "Nettie the Newsgirl" is the bill for the week commencing Sunday afternoon. The cast contains Wanda Ludlow in the title role, Lem B. Parker leading man and Minnie Dixon Parker leading woman.

## *In the Musical World*

David Bispham is, first of all, an actor, and there is precious little in the wide range of human emotion that comes amiss to him. Whether it be the piteous pathos of the Pagliacci, the murderous lust of Alberich's curse, the ghastly realism of Danny Deever, the delicate suggestion of Lady Moon, or the supple comedy of The Pretty Creature, it is all one to David Bispham—actor by birth, and singer by sheer perseverance.

Think you this man has not run the gamut of the heart's strings—tuned and untuned? What he has not dandled and what he does not know were scarcely worth while, I warrant you. And it is out of this spangled experience, doubtless, that spring largely the magic of his personality and the compelling of his interpretations—I had almost said impersonations. Small wonder that the dramatic stage is next year to claim him for its own, if present determination hold out. And if in this the theater shall gain prodigiously it will at least be better that the concert platform should consent to lose much now than less later.

For, as a singer (or, shall we not rather put it, in the matter of voice method) Mr. Bispham has distinctly deteriorated—not because of age, by any means, nor, indeed, from any cause other than the weak yielding to the modern vice of heavy registering. You will say cold was the cause of the frequent muggy, clouded tone, with its inevitable unbeautiful quality and off-colorism. I do not think so. If cold were apparent in one-third of the work it would have shown more or less all through. So far from this, much of this superb artist's tone quality was as pure and crystalline as in the days when the Demon of Power had not yet dangled its visionary promises before his tempted eyes.

Mr. Bispham is still a young man. At forty-eight, with a splendid physique and abounding vitality, he should be in his prime vocally as he manifestly is mentally. Santicy is in the seventies and still singing—but he is a baritone to this day, and the "basso-cantante" trumperiness he has always laughed to scorn.

The singer cannot serve two masters. If he be a basso he may jog along contentedly as the pedal-pipe or the grandfather-fiddle of the vocal sphere; but, if he be a baritone he must, as he values his voice and the pitch thereof, play 'cello unremittingly and have sense enough to keep out of the cellar.

Nor is the over-covered, throat-clutched tone any less a danger. The local woods are full of gutturalness, and the visiting tonsils tumble over each other in their haste to be swallowed. Ah!

The New York Musical Courier reproduces our Vecsey article in full in its editorial columns of February 15, and reprints under the head "Us Too" our "Only Teasing" article regarding Salt Lake City music—giving us full credit for both. We acknowledge both the compliment and the courtesy.

But there is a fly in the honey. For the same journal gives generous Gadske quotations from the Examiner and Herald and never a word from the Graphic. And we had such a nice notice, too!



Walter S. Young, sometimes the capable and popular choirmaster of St. Paul's Church, San Diego, still holds his fine position at St. Luke's, Montclair, N. J. Mr. Young, with his typical Episcopal choir of fifty voices and a Carnegie Hall studio in New York, has carved out quite a marked success for himself—with not a little help from his charming wife. It is good to find these material things sometime coming to the worthy in legitimate fields.

I wonder whether we are going to hear "little auburn-haired Tetrizzini" in the velvet-aired South. Everybody who is anybody in San Francisco raves about her, and the Tivoli is bulging with pride and shekels.

But what's this? "A voice of the purity and clarity which made Melba famous," and "A second Sembrich—a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Are there really no limitations to the use of unveracious verisimilitudes?

Salt Lake is still climbing. Now it is a young tenor, Alfred Best, Jr., who "sings up to high C with full chest voice and gives out a big, fine tone." Mr. Best is to sing for the Savage folk—and so good-bye, Sheehan!

Talk we of cranky criticism? List ye to Mr. Strine apropos of the St. Louis Apollo Club: "The club singing has a good middle but no ends; that is, no artistic ends. The fortissimos are shrill and harsh, and the pianissimos are tuneless and lacking in that necessary singing quality that makes them more than a whisper. Indeed, it impresses one that the club contains but few cultured singers and plenty of amateurs."

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This from a Boston paper. Sounds quite homelike:

"How did you like the concert last evening?"

"Why, haven't you read my review of it?"

"Oh, yes, I read that—fine thing; my wife says it beats the Chinese puzzle all to nothing. But tell me about the concert, will you?"

Here is a good point from St. Louis:

"Hekking commanded and obtained absolute silence before he permitted his accompanist to sound the first note of the prelude."

If Hekking could haste here and train a Gatling on our flagrantly selfish latecomers he would be doing a still bigger thing. How cultivated people can consent to stultify their cultivation by clambering over the knees of people possibly less cultivated but certainly more considerate passes my comprehension.

Many of the Bispham auditors seemed to be in ignorance as to the Landon Ronald whose group of four harmless songlets cumbered the program.

Landon Ronald is an English baritone of a refined type, the husband of Clara Butt, the Brobdignian contralto, moving in very exclusive circles and quite the vogue just now. He writes pleasant English ballads with a free, delicate touch, and is accounted amongst the most favored in the publisher's sanctum.

Mr. Bispham had to disappoint the Denver Apollo Club, and the gap was filled at short notice by Mrs. Otis B. Spencer and Alfred Shaw, a Chicago tenor. Mrs. Spencer was with us not so long ago, it will be remembered, and many of us cherish warm memories of both her voice and personal charm.

This Boston contribution to "The Valley of Hokus Po," topical song in Henry W. Savage's "Woodland," is not so bad, as such jingles go:

Is a hard-shell Baptist a clam?

Are sausages made from an end-hog seat?

Is a river profane with a dam?

Does the captain tell time by the larboard watch?

Is a sailor excused from profanity when

He sits down on the starboard tack?

In the cast of Fritz Scheff's new comic opera offering, "Boccaccio," we find the familiar name of Otto Wedemeyer tacked to the part of Fratelli, a book seller. The very mention of "Boccaccio" makes me blush, but I doubt not that, if only for Otto's sake, the play has been put through the proper purgative process.

Digby Bell, one of the fine comic opera comedians of the old school, is playing the title part in "The Education of Mr. Pipp" at the Liberty Theater, New York. Another singer lost to us!

Now that Caruso is coming to us it is a comfort to know exactly what to expect. The Mail says: "His low tones are still needy," while the Times thinks his singing of surpassing beauty. The Sun avers that



he showed a certain amount of timidity, while the Times again assures us that he sang with his accustomed ease. And much more to the same effect. Greeting to you, brethren!

A. G. Pulver, the manager of the Chicago Midlothian Club, has organized his forty caddies into an orchestra, providing the instruments and instructors—and the boys are puffing away for dear life.

If any local Pulveriser will feel it his mission in life to do a like thing by our own Country Club youngsters he can find a crowd that would blow the Chicago kids into the next county in short order.

FREDERICK STEVENSON.

#### Music Notes.

The Symphony Orchestra will give its sixth concert Friday, March 31. The soloist will be Harry Clifford Lott, the popular baritone.

Professor Jahn is hard at work organizing his big chorus for the May Festival. Miss Katherine Stone has charge of the work among the children of the public schools.

Peje Storek's piano recital at the Dobinson auditorium next Wednesday evening is anticipated with much interest. He has prepared a very comprehensive program.

Fritz Kreisler, the eminent Austrian violinist, will be heard at Simpson auditorium Tuesday evening, March 28.

Next Tuesday evening Mme. Francesca, the soloist at today's Symphony concert, will give a song recital at Simpson's, covering a wide range of composers.

The Choral Society under Prof. Jahn's direction is busy with final rehearsals of the "Elijah," to be given at Simpson's Thursday, March 23. The soloists will be Mrs. Katherine Collette, Miss Julia Heinrich, Joseph Dupuy and Max Heinrich.

The first act of "Parsifal" to be given by the Conried Metropolitan Company here Monday, April 17, will commence at 5 p. m., lasting till 6:45. An intermission of two hours follows, the curtain rising again at 8:45 and the opera being scheduled to close at 11:45. Alfred Hertz will conduct and the cast of the principals will be as follows:

Kundry .....	Mme. Fremstad
Parsifal .....	MM. Burgstaller
Amfortas .....	Van Rooy
Gurnamnz .....	Blass
Klingsor .....	Goritz
Titurel .....	Muhlmann
First Esquire .....	Mme. Moran
Second Esquire .....	Mme. Braendle
Third Esquire .....	MM. Rudolfi
Fourth Esquire .....	Alberti
First Knight of the Grail .....	Bayer
Second Knight of the Grail .....	Greder
A Voice .....	Mme. Jacoby

Among the late additions to musical circles is Mrs. Blanche N. Hurd, formerly of Galesburg, Ill., where she achieved much success both as a singer and a teacher of singing. "Mrs. Hurd's singing," says a leading Chicago paper, "is not merely vocal gymnastics, the genuine soul of the singer sustains and animates it." Mrs. Hurd has taken a studio in the Blanchard building.

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A resolution has been adopted by the City Council of Pasadena providing for the purchase of certain water systems and for the extensions thereof and that bonds in the sum of \$1,000,000 be issued to cover cost of said plants, as follows: For acquisition of Pasadena Lake Vineyard Land and Water Co., \$627,000; property of North Pasadena Land and Water Co., \$880,000; East Pasadena Land and Water Co., \$68,750; acquisition of certain lands, \$25,000; construction of betterments to water system, \$198,750.

At a meeting of the City Trustees of Santa Monica the ordinance providing for issuing bonds in the sum of \$20,000 for sewer purposes and \$5,000 for fire equipment was adopted. Trustees propose to construct the septic tank and main trunk line, including emergency outfall, from bond issue money and the laterals from the Vrooman act. Clerk was instructed to issue sealed bids and advertise for sealed proposals for construction of septic tank, pumping plants and housing and the discharge pipes to the ocean.

**Financial**

The charter of the First National Bank of Riverside expires May 22. The bank will reorganize with a paid-in capital of \$100,000 instead of \$50,000, the present capital stock.

L. A. Pratt has resigned as cashier of the Ocean Park Bank and has been succeeded by P. H. Dudley, a brother of T. H. Dudley, who has been engaged for ten years in banking in Chicago.

Articles of incorporation of the Escondido Savings Bank, capitalized at \$25,000, have been filed at San Diego. The directors are: W. Wohlford, who holds \$17,000 of the stock; J. H. Anderson, W. L. Ramey, G. V. Thomas, E. E. Turrentine, Alexander Stewart, J. H. Sampson.

Capitalized for \$25,000, articles for the First State Bank of Calexico have been filed, with the following directors: George A. Carter, Leroy Holt, Imperial; P. W. Preston, H. T. Hefferman, Calexico; C. H. Rockwood, F. C. Paulin, Los Angeles; I. W. Gleason, Riverside. D. L. Russell and A. H. Heber are also subscribers to the stock.

The First National Bank of Pasadena has moved into its new quarters.

A. M. Brown, who has been paying teller of the Los Angeles National Bank, has resigned to become cashier of the Commercial National Bank of San Diego.

**Bonds**

The Ocean View School District of Ventura county voted bonds in the sum of \$5,500 for a new school-house.

An election will be held in the city of El Paso, Tex., March 18, to vote on an issue of school bonds in the sum of \$50,000 for the erection and improvement of certain school buildings.

The City Trustees of Whittier have called a special election for March 14 to vote on an issue of bonds in the sum of \$110,000 for the acquisition, construction and completion of a municipal water system, lands for reservoir sites, etc.

Upon the recommendation of the Santa Barbara Water Commission it was decided to advertise bids on an additional issue of \$40,000 water extension bonds after May 1.

The school bonds of Douglas School District, Arizona, were awarded to the Bank of Douglas on their bid of \$15,500. The bonds run twenty years and bear 6 per cent interest.

The Pasadena Board of Trade accepted the report of the committee, which recommends that at the water bond election March 23 the vote be taken on four separate propositions instead of one, which if lost would jeopardize the whole plan.

The electors of Los Angeles City High School District will hold an election on March 21 in said city to vote on an issue of \$520,000 in bonds for purchasing lots, building schools and furnishing same. Said bonds shall be of \$1,000 each, bearing 4 per cent interest. Bonds will be numbered 1 to 520 inclusive, bonds to mature as follows: Bonds 1 to 13 to run one year, 14 to 26 two years, 27 to 39 three years, and so on, the last to mature in forty years.



Notice is given to qualified electors of Springdale School District, county of Orange, Cal., that an election will be held on March 27, at which bonds for \$3,000 will be voted upon. The proceeds of the bonds will be used to erect a schoolhouse, insuring and supplying with furniture.

Notice is given to the electors of Riverside School District, in county of Ventura, that an election will be held at the schoolhouse of said district on March 25 to vote on an issue of \$2,750 bonds, to purchase lots for building one schoolhouse, to furnish and to improve the school grounds.

Bonds have been voted in Ocean View School District, Ventura county, for the erection of a new schoolhouse.

A meeting of the stockholders of Covina Valley Gas Company of Covina, Los Angeles county, will be held March 2, in Covina, at which time the stockholders will vote on an issue of \$50,000 bonds.

The Ocean Park School District of Los Angeles county has voted \$10,000 issue of school bonds. The money will be used in completing and furnishing the new school building and completing payment of lot on which it is located.

The Los Angeles bonds for the construction of the impounding reservoir have been sold to the Los Angeles Trust Co. by the City Council. They offered par and accrued interest for entire issue of \$150,000. The work of building the reservoir will probably be done under supervision of the superintendent of water department.

The Potter Hotel Co. has filed certificates of bonded indebtedness of \$200,000. The bonds will bear 9 per cent.

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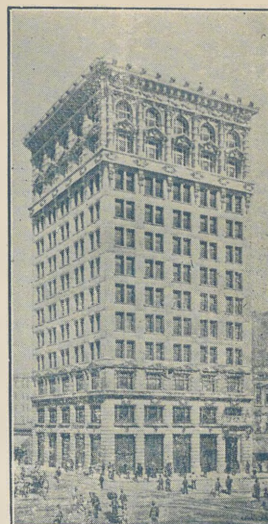
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